

# Winds Of Plague, Angels Of Debauchery

Show your fucking face, bitch.  
Execute the mass and spread your disease,  
It's time to fight back and rise to your feet.  
You will not believe what you can do  
When you push and strike back.  
Power of peace concealed in a word.  
Give it up, give it all you got.  
Stitched face as they fall into their graves.  
When all the angels fall from the sky,  
And all the demons arise from the earth,  
There will be a force to reckon with  
And you will be destroyed,  
Kill them all, fuck them all,  
Leave no one alive, rape them all.  
We speak of the end, who's to live,  
Who's to die, were sure to find out soon enough.  
The question is when.  
Power of peace concealed in a word.  
Give it up, give it all you got.  
Stitched face as they fall into their graves.  
Now I see it clear, an origin set in fear,  
We didn't ask for you, we sure as fuck don't need you.  
You're getting fucked up,  
We've stood the test of time,  
We've ran our fucking lives.  
We shut you out, stood our ground yet we're still alive.  
Stand united, break the silence.  
We are taking it from here.  
We're coming up, we're breaking out.  
You look down on me, I'm coming down on you.